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Lloyd George's Error

Lloyd George said in the interview qualifying his recent Upper Silesian speech that his Polish program had practically the unanimous support of American public opinion. That is not the case. The New York Times showed the other day that he was mistaken on this point. It is hardly necessary to argue that American opinion doesn't look with favor on the sacrifice of Polish interests in Upper Silesia to German interests.

Lloyd George's anti-Polish policy at Paris and since has worked injustice to Poland and, unfortunately, obstructed a fair peace settlement. In the first place, it has run counter to the promises made to the Poles and embodied in a general way in one of President Wilson's Fourteen Points. All this unhappy Silesian aftermath, involving grave dissensions among the Allies, is due to the British Premier's success in reversing the unanimous findings of the Polish boundary commission. The commission, the representative of Great Britain assenting, recommended the allotment to Poland of Danzig, most of Posen and the eastern section of Upper Silesia. When Lloyd George objected to the cession of Danzig the British member of the commission presented a brief refuting his superior's arguments. President Wilson's surrender on Danzig was most unfortunate. It was deplored by his expert advisers.

Both Professor Lord, the chief of the Polish Division of the American Peace Commission, and Dr. Isaiah Bowman, the chief territorial specialist, have shown in the chapters they contributed to Colonel House's book, What Really Happened at Paris, how little sympathy they had with Lloyd George's efforts to whittle away Poland's security.

An appendix to that volume contains the answer made by Professor Lord to the following question asked him at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on December 17, 1920: "Personally, do you believe that the settlement of the Polish question was the fairest to Poland that could have been reached?" The answer was:

> "I am going to speak very frankly and say no. Personally, I feel that the Danzig problem was a very grave one and one of vital interest to Poland. The new arrangement about Danzig now has been reduced to the form of a definite treaty, which was signed just the other day, and it whittles away some of the rights which the peace treaty seemed to have assured to Poland. It leaves the control of the port of Danzig in the hands of a mixed commission, made up of two Poles, two Danzigers and one neutral, so that Poland will not have secure and effective control of her one and only port. How badly she needs secure control was shown last summer when I was in Danzig. At that moment Poland was fighting for her life against the Bolsheviki. The only means by which war supplies from the outside world could come to her was through Danzig, but, owing to the hostility of the Danzig Germans, and, I might add, of the British High Commissioner, the port of Danzig was closed to Polish munitions in the very heat of the struggle. If matters had not been settled by General Weygand's splendid victory near Warsaw that situation at Danzig might have cost Poland her very existence. Furthermore, the feeling shown by the Danzigers at present is just as bad as can be imagined. The Poles in the city are mobbed not infrequently. In short, I think the new arrangement is working very badly."

Withholding Danzig has crippled the new Polish state. Withholding the eastern section of Upper Silesia would still further reduce its resources and economic independence. Yet the Lloyd George policy aims at restoring to Germany as much of Upper Silesia as possible, leaving the Poles much less than an impartial territorial commission had unanimously assigned to them.

This is a "peace-without-victory" program which cannot appeal to Americans generally. Poland is one of the keystones in the new scheme of European defense against German aggression and the union of imperialistic Germany with Red Russia. She should be strengthened, not weakened. It is the Supreme Council's duty to keep order in Upper Silesia and to make a partition there. Americans would certainly prefer a settlement favoring Poland to a settlement favoring Germany.

Compensation Insurance

The backbone of the workmen's compensation law, which protects thousands of injured employees and their dependents who would have received nothing through negligence suits at law, is the requirement that employers shall take out insurance. Failure to secure such insurance is a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of not exceeding $500 or by imprisonment up to one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

The Industrial Commission has sought in every way to secure compliance with this provision of the law. It has secured heavy fines, and in a number of instances severe jail sentences against employers who failed to carry insurance and whose employees were killed or severely injured. The commission also has been most zealous in enforcing the payment of awards against uninsured employers, having collected last year upward of $135,000 in that connection.

Despite all these efforts there are numerous cases every year where compensation awards cannot be collected because employers, financially irresponsible, have failed to carry the insurance. Widows and orphans and crippled workers have been thrown upon public and private charity. It is not only a great social wrong, but fosters among victims a spirit of discontent, for they cannot understand why the compensation system has broken down in their cases.

Publicity is the greatest cure for this condition, for uninsurance, it is found, is due not so much to wilful violation as to indifference and to ignorance of the law. Small employers often are ruined financially because they have failed to carry insurance. The wage workers of the state should be educated to ask their employers, as a matter of routine, the question: "Do you carry workmen's insurance?"

It Was Henry Hudson

The magnificent road along the western side of the Hudson River northward from the Englewood cliffs will not only be a perennial delight in itself, but it will be an unsurpassed scenic highway to other wonderlands beyond. But why perpetuate in its name an error which has too long persisted?

The intrepid and resourceful navigator who first explored the North River was not Hendrick, but Henry Hudson. By the former name he was never known in his own time. He would not have answered to it, probably would have resented its application to him, even during the brief period in which he was in the service of the Netherlands East India Company, for he knew scarcely a word of the Dutch language, and he insisted upon having the Dutch lawyers, in drawing up at Amsterdam the Dutch contract with the company, write therein his name in its plain English form—Henry Hudson.

That he is called Hendrick is due to a whimsy of the "gentle humorist" Irving, who in the posthumous papers of the mythical Diedrich Knickerbocker naturally and appropriately used the Dutch form of the name. But this does not justify perverting history. If truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, it ought always to be stronger. Henry Hudson it was three centuries ago, and Henry Hudson it should be now and always—save in Rip Van Winkle and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

Finish the Cathedral

Bishop Manning's plea that the Cathedral of St. John the Divine be promptly completed inspires interest again in a magnificent undertaking that had its inception forty-nine years ago. It was at a diocesan convention in 1872, when Bishop Horatio Potter put the matter officially before the delegates, that the long cherished hope took definite form.

The building of a cathedral to rank as the fourth in size among the cathedrals of the world takes time as well as money. Fifteen years after announcement of the intention to build the site at Morningside Heights was selected, and five years later, on December 27, 1892, the cornerstone was laid and work was actually under way. Since then the crypt, and later the choir and crossing, were completed. In 1916, when all available funds were used, the work was halted. Before it could be started again the United States was in the war, and by a resolution of the trustees all efforts to raise money for building purposes were abandoned for patriotic reasons until the war should be over.

Now, however, interest may again be stimulated and work started. In addition to all other reasons, it may be even urged that patriotism should play a large part in the effort to begin at once. It has often been suggested that the time to undertake public construction is when private enterprise is crippled, as at present. The same argument may be used in this instance. Cathedrals of the world are looked upon as the property of the people, as indeed they are, having been financed by the contributions of generations. Now, when workers and builders and artists are marking time to some extent, would seem to be the propitious moment to proceed.

The completed cathedral will be a glory and an honor to the city as well as the great center of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. We on this side of the water are likely to make usefulness the chief and only object of our building. The realization that a structure may be also a thing of beauty is too often lost sight of, especially if it means a greater expenditure of money. Here in the plans for the cathedral may be visualized an edifice comparable with the Old World's choicest treasures. Let us hope that this generation may see its completion.

An Educational Bureau

Protests are raised against the proposed merger of government educational work in the work of a Public Welfare Department. These would seem to be well founded if the proposal means what some believe, though it is quite possible that it means or would mean no such thing.

There has for years been a demand for the elevation of the Bureau of Education into a full Cabinet department. Now there has arisen a demand, so strong that it seems likely to succeed, for the creation of a Department of Public Welfare, to take charge of sanitation, public health, etc., and it is suggested that the Bureau of Education should be transferred to it from the Department of the Interior.

It is pretty certain that two new Cabinet departments will not be created, and also that there is far more likely to be one of Public Welfare than of Education. In that case the question will be whether to transfer the Bureau of Education to the Public Welfare Department or to keep it in the Interior Department.

The former would seem to be the logical course. But it may be fairly asked that the act be a transfer and not a merger in the offensive sense of that term. That is to say, the Bureau of Education should remain just as purely and distinctively educational as it is now, and should no more be "merged" with sanitation or public health than it is now with patents or the land office. In that case it might not be any better off than it is at present, but it certainly should be no worse.

There is need of educational work, and there is need of what is, for want of a more specific term, called welfare work. While the two may be coördinated, they are and should be kept separate, neither sacrificed nor subordinated to the other.

Balm for the Forgetful

Professor Einstein could not answer offhand what is the speed of sound. The information, he said, could be found in a book. And he is to-day probably the most famous living physicist! This is the first comfort that has come to forgetful educated folk since the shock of discovery of the flaccidity of their memories, following the publication of the Edison questionnaires. What is the speed of sound? Who does not count when he sees the lightning flash and waits to hear the thunder's roll? Probably not one of the thousands of piano tuners in the world knows the velocity of the ethereal vibrations set up by the wires he tightens or loosens.

But there are people with photographic minds who do remember the speed of light, the speed of sound, the formula for force, the value of pi, the dimensions of Betelgeuse, the repertory of Lillian Russell, and the year Mazzini was born—a widely assorted stock of facts, and usually they are not scientists or professors or encyclopedists: professionally they are conversationalists and the awe of their audiences is their great reward. Other people specialize in one or a few subjects: baseball statistics, the electoral votes, the stack colors of every steamship line, the dates of the notes of ex-President Wilson, and Greenwich Village is supposed to be peopled with dilettanti.

Our memories are grateful servants. They retain what suits us, and what suits us usually pleases us. If we are self-sufficient and neither gracious nor politic, our memories decide not to remember names or faces of acquaintances. Some of us cannot carry tunes or poesy or story plots with any fidelity, and this may mean that there is neither melody nor romance in our souls or that we are such abundant creators ourselves that our memories ask, "What's the use?" A good transcription of an old apothegm is "Tell me the sort of things you remember and I'll tell you the sort of person you are." If you remember murder and divorce and other morbid news, you are morbid and small-minded. If you remember boxing bouts, or the lengths of fish you have caught, or the hardest fought tennis match you ever saw, then your heart turns to sport. To remember anything about cinema stars might mean lack of sapiency.

But it is only fair to allow that a man is a better citizen who remembers the capitals of every state in the Union, the year McKinley was shot, and the method of enumerating the United States divisions in the World War. We cannot depend entirely upon books, otherwise our memories would end in atrophy, the key to books would be lost, and we should fade as civilized beings, going through the stages of degeneracy until we had forgotten it is wrong to murder, it is harmful and hurtful to touch fire, and, finally, it is unpleasant to collide with a hard object. The adult amnesia victim is probably the most pitifully disabled of men, for memory is the tower we erect to view the world. The lower it is, the less exalted is our view.

Save These Stones

Public interest in the erection of monuments to the memory of national heroes again directs attention to the decaying tombstones of the more or less celebrated dead who have the distinction of lying in Trinity and St. Paul's churchyards.

Year by year the inscriptions are becoming fainter—are already illegible—and the porous stones themselves are crumbling to dust. It would seem practicable, and not too costly, to envelope all of these historic grave markers in heavy plate glass, to preserve them from the eroding rain and wind. Transparently encased they would permanently fulfill a mission of calling the attention of the greatest multitude that passes any cemetery in the world, in the most valuable graveyard tracts in the world, to the simplest verities of life, where those verities often seem less impressive than the neighboring tallest buildings in the world and vastest accumulations of riches.

These graves are historic, though most of them are but family burial plots. Some of the dead antedate our Republic, and it is not too much to say that the many who lived just before, during and just after the Revolution were active in deeds and opinions, to the limits of their abilities, in the founding of the United States.

The life of our country has been so short that all of the dead who were entitled to interment beside Trinity and St. Paul's are thereby entitled to the reverence of all citizens. And here are stones, many of which are of the most transient material, that lower Broadway with each passing century would honor more and more, as relics of our nation's birth, were they preserved.

Aurora-Proof Radio

Wireless Communication Not Affected by Magnetic Disturbance

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In view of the reports which have been published recently concerning the numerous unusual effects, and in some instances severe damage, occurring to telegraph, telephone and cable lines, caused by the aurora borealis, you may be interested to know that these disturbances did not in any way affect radio communication proper.

The engineers of the Radio Corporation of America were well pleased with the behavior of radio during the powerful magnetic disturbances on Saturday night and Sunday which accompanied the aurora borealis and which were followed by the breaking out of a large cluster of spots on the sun. They reported no noticeable change in the transmission and reception of the powerful radio waves which are constantly being exchanged between the United States and Europe and Asia.

In this connection it is interesting to note that our experience of the last few days is parallel to that of the French radio service, for we were informed that the Bordeaux radio station seemed relatively immune from the dangerous ground currents which have so seriously affected wire communication.

It has been known for some time that disturbances similar to those produced by the aurora borealis would not affect radio, and we were glad to have the opportunity to confirm this theory. Indeed, we have graphic record of this fact, for our high-speed records of radio signals taken throughout the presence of the disturbances show not the slightest trace of the aurora borealis. E. J. NALLY,
President Radio Corporation of America.
New York, May 20, 1921.

Two Classes of Immigrants

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The letters of G. C. S. S. and A. De Vinne on the question of denying citizenship to aliens attracted my attention on account of the fact that the immigration situation at the present time is presenting a problem that is national and as yet unsolved. Roughly analyzing the situation, it appears to me as follows:

There are two classes of immigrants. One class invades this country to accumulate money and eventually to return to their own country.

The other class come here to settle down permanently.

The first class generally congregate in cliques of their own nationality. They are largely responsible for our foreign settlements, which are detriments to any city. They are largely responsible for labor uprisings and in many instances are either the center or breeding places of Reds or agitators. They haven't our country at heart because it is not their intention to become citizens.

If a restriction were to be placed on the second class it would virtually place them in the same position as the first class. Probably a small minority would be law-abiding, but they would practically be without a country. To be a citizen of the United States is the great object of the second class and to take it away would be fatal to their ambitions.

The majority of the first class are undesirables and I am in favor of placing a restriction on that class barring them from admission into this country. CHARLES FARRAND.
New York, May 21, 1921.

The Conning Tower

The Passionate Copy Writer.

Say, kid, I got to put it to you straight—
To-morrow's wait orders don't fill me none,
This world's all lower-case, believe me, son,
And I'm all primed to screech a hymn of hate.
I feel like all my proofs 'd come in late,
And some crool pressroom messed 'em up for fun,
Gosh, and me divin' for oblivion
As fast as Carpentier, as sure as fate.

Old pal, let's hoof it for some sun-soaked valleys,
Some layout kind o' white with asphodel,
And we'll forget our other Johns and Sallies,
And listen to the dope the daisies tell.
Be true to type—be bold, man honey—spill it!
Start the campaign—you're hep that I won't kill it!

FIRELIGHT.

"London and Paris have for several years wanted me to transfer my midnight type of entertainment there, but I have turned a deaf ear to all pleas, hoping that in the end the good American common sense of our forefathers would predominate, but the last few weeks have convinced me that personal liberty is as extinct as the dodo."

Thus Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld jr. Although Mr. Ziegfeld's father was born in Oldenburg, Germany, we know, we think, what he means by "our forefathers." And he is right. If the Ziegfeld of his day had put on the "Follies of 1620" at Plymouth the rock-bound coast wouldn't have been nearly so stern.

Campus Memories

Sir: The chorus of the first song I learned in Hulteen's yellow farmhouse in Yellow Medicine County, Minnesota, about seven miles from Gopher Prairie, in the middle '80s before the district school house was built, went, as I recall it, like this:

I love my neighbor as myself
As this world I go traveling through;
But I never depend on the arm of a friend,
But paddle my own canoe.

The other day I passed P. S. No. 32, Flushing, and heard a number of children of about kindergarten and first grade age piping:

It's raining; it's pouring.
The old man is snoring.
He went to bed with a bump on his head,
And he can't get up in the morning.

I leave it to you whether in practical culture Gopher Prairie in 1885 was not ahead of Flushing, N. Y., in 1921. I regret to add that my carefully nurtured young daughter, aged five, appeared to be leading the community chorus about the snoring old man.

F. L.

Well, in accordance with a resolution recently made and expressed, we have read every word printed about the fighters and their camps. It would be petty to keep all this to ourself, and unfair to demand that everybody who is as avidly curious as we of the actions and thoughts of these gentlemen should read all the sporting pages. Mr. Dempsey, then, is training in Atlantic City, N. J. He is confident of winning the fight. M. Carpentier is training in Manhasset, N. Y. Some of the reporters who go to interview him are not well grounded in French, and Carpentier's English is weak. Humorous effects, in more space than it takes to tell it, are to be had from these verbal encounters. M. Carpentier is confident of winning.

Gotham Gleanings

—Ring Lardner entertained last Thurs.

—John Peter Toohey went on a diet last Tuesday.

—Ned Torrey, of Clinton, N. Y., Saturdayed in Gotham.

—Most of the business men we talk to say bus. is not good.

—Reinald Werrenrath sailed on the S. S. Rotterdam Saturday.

—Mrs. Mildred Bowen of Chgo is gracing our thoroughfares with her sunny presence.

—Miss Jane Seymour is on an auto trip to Bedford Springs with her guardian, Mrs. Crosby Gaige.

—Charles Evans Hughes, the w.k. Gotham Gleanings reader, is doing good work these days as Sec. of State.

—Mrs. Sigmund Spaeth will sail for England next Monday on the Celtic. She will be chaperoned by Mrs. F. P. Adams.

—Doc Merz is on a flivver trip through Arabia and Syria. The emergency brake gave him some trouble and he had it repaired at a non-Zionist garage.

It is prophesied that in his speech here to-night President Harding is going to tell the retailers that prices must drop. The thing to do to-morrow, therefore, is to trade with only those retailers who, fearful of Presidential disapproval, will at once take his advice.

Mr. Philip Guedalla's wheeze about holding the mirror up to Nietzsche is good, but a reading of a certain British bard's recentest poem about America arouses in us this equally good criticism:

The wedding guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud Sassoon

There are 105,710,620 of us in the United States, which must cheer the hearts of the manufacturers of automobile pennants.

This new sort of shampoo revives the old question: Which comes first—the egg or the henna?

E. P. A.

Books

By Heywood Broun

Wadsworth Camp, we find, has done almost as much for Princeton in his novel The Guarded Heights as Meade Minnigerode has accomplished for Yale in The Big Year.

George Morton might never have gone to any college if it had not been for Sylvia Planter. He was enamored of her from the very beginning when Old Planter engaged him to accompany his daughter on her rides, but his admiration did not become articulate until the day she fell off her horse. She seems to have done it extremely well. "He saw her horse refuse," writes Mr. Camp, "straightening his knees and sliding in the marshy ground. He watched Sylvia, with an ease and grace nearly unbelievable, somersault across the hedge and out of sight in the meadow beyond."

It seemed to us that the horse should have received some of the credit for the ease with which Sylvia shot across the hedge, but young Morton was much too intent upon the fate of his goddess to have eyes for anything else. When he found her lying on the ground she was unconscious, and so he told her of his love. That brought her to and she called him "You—you—stable boy." And so George decided to go to college.

His high school preparation had been scant and irregular. He went to Princeton, and after two months' cramming passed all his examinations. Football attracted him from the first as a means to the advancement which he desired. "With surprised eyes," writes our author, "he saw estates as extravagant as Oakmont, and frequently in better taste. Little by little he picked up the names of the families that owned them. He told himself that some day he would enter those places as a guest, bowed to by such servants as he had been. It was possible, he promised himself bravely, if only he could win a Yale or a Harvard game."

The requirement seemed to us unusually severe, but perhaps Mr. Camp is accurate in his observation. Moreover, it may serve to explain why one meets so few Princeton men socially.

Like Mr. Minnigerode, Mr. Camp employs symbolism in his story. In the Yale novel we had Corliss evidently standing for Coy. Just which Princeton hero George Morton represents we are not prepared to say. In fact the only Princeton name which comes to mind at the moment is that of Big Bill Edwards, who sits in the Custom House and throws them all for a loss. Morton can't very well be intended for Edwards, because it seems unlikely that anybody would ever have engaged Big Bill to ride horses; no, not even to break them. A little further on, however, we are introduced to the Princeton coach, a certain Mr. Stringham. Here, of course, identification is easy. Stringham, we haven't a doubt, is Roper. We could wish Mr. Camp had been more subtle. He might, for instance, have called him Cordier.

In some respects Morton proved an even better football player than Corliss. He did not score any greater number of touchdowns, but he had more of an air with him. For instance, in the account of the Harvard game it is recorded: "Then, with his interference blocked and tumbling, George yielded to his old habit and slipped off to one side at a hazard. The enemy's secondary defense had been drawing in, there was no one near enough to stop him within those ten yards and he went over for a touchdown and casually kicked the goal."

Eventually George Morton did get asked to all the better houses, but still Sylvia spurned him. "Go away and don't bother me" was the usual tenor of her replies to his ardent words of wooing. Naturally he knew that he had her on the run. A man who had taken more than one straight arm squarely in the face during the course of his football career was not to be rebuffed by a slip of a girl.

The war delayed matters for a time, and George went and was good at that, too. He was a major before he left Plattsburgh. For a time we feared that he was in danger of becoming a snob, but the great democratizing forces of the conflict carried him into the current. One of the most thrilling chapters in the book tells how he exposed his life under very heavy fire to go forward and rescue an American who turned out to be a Yale man.

In the end he wore Sylvia down. Nothing else could be expected from such a man. German machine guns and heavy artillery had failed to stop him, and he had even hit the Harvard line upon occasion without losing a yard. He was no man to take a hint, and in the end Sylvia just had to marry him. "As in a dream he went to her, and her curved lips moved beneath his, but he pressed them closer so that she couldn't speak; for he felt encircling them in a breathless embrace, as his arms held her, something thrilling and rudimentary that neither of them had experienced before"——

And as we read the further details of the love scene it seemed to us that George Morton made a most fortunate choice when he decided to go to Princeton. His football experience stood him in good stead in his lovemaking, for he played with an eleven which tackled around the neck.

The British Dominions

Problems Arising From the Rule of One Sovereign Over Half a Dozen Free Nations—Co-ordination Essential

By Sir James Allen

High Commissioner for the Dominion of New Zealand
(From The Manchester Guardian)

It will be generally conceded that the dominions have become autonomous nations with the fullest freedom, the one binding link being the Crown. Not much has been said, however, about the very anomalous situation arising from one sovereign ruling over half a dozen free nations, but some of the practical difficulties have already become apparent. No doubt the patience and common sense characteristic of the British race will enable us to solve the problems, provided we accept one another on trust and fully discuss among ourselves the difficulties as they are presented. The problems may be classified under two headings:

1. The relationship of the several free nations to the one sovereign.
2. Provision for defense in case of danger from outside.

With several dominions, one at least of them before long to possess a population greater than that of the motherland, it is clear a new method must be devised to preserve the sovereign from the impossible situation which will arise should he receive from some advice which was not in accord with that submitted by others. A solution of the problem is pressing, because South Africa in legislating for its mandated territory has adopted a different procedure from New Zealand and because South Africa did propose to communicate direct with the League of Nations.

Apparently the covenant of the league does provide for this direct communication; but it seems obvious that difficulties will arise if there is no means of avoiding diverse views in the communications if sent direct. A solution is pressing also because Canada and Australia have under consideration the appointment of ambassadors to the United States of America. The larger issue centers, however, about foreign relations and decision with regard to peace or war.

The title "Imperial Cabinet" came into existence during the war, but the change from imperial conference, though it may imply more intimate relationship between the prime ministers of the empire, does not make satisfactory provision for the new conditions. The expression "Imperial Cabinet" conveys a wrong impression, and it has been suggested that "Imperial Council" should be substituted. Is it not feasible that a permanent advisory "Imperial Council," with a secretariat, should be constituted, available at any time to advise the sovereign on questions of peace or war and foreign relations?

To this council might also be delegated the appointment of ambassadors and the responsibility to advise on matters of defense. Of course, there are difficulties to be met—difficulties arising from possible difference of opinion, difficulties the representatives from overseas will have in keeping in touch with their parliaments, difficulties in securing acceptance by the nations of the advice tended by the council. One may express the fervent hope that the obvious benefit to the empire and to the world from coördinated action of the nations composing the empire will be so apparent that all difficulties will be overcome. Should this not be so, the only course open seems to be a breakaway of one or more, with probable disruption of the empire.

The question of defense is dependent on the efficacy of the League of Nations, and we earnestly trust that it will succeed in the purposes for which it was created; in which case defense will be a comparatively simple matter, but while the league is on trial the empire must not neglect to provide the means of defending itself, preserving its lines of communication and backing its diplomacy, and the duty of providing these is common to all.

Coördination in peace and unified control in war, if war were threatened, are essential. Coördination between navy, army and air service is also essential. It would seem that this may be secured through the medium of a British nation's general staff at the service of the Imperial Council, from whom advice on defense matters could be rendered to each of the empire's members.

Horse Watering Stations

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In the article "Susie Proves Her Belief in Brotherhood of Beasts" in this morning's Tribune, an account of the work of the pet orang-outang owned by Mrs. Martin Johnson (the only white woman who has ever penetrated the wilds of Borneo, where the monkey was born), in collecting money for horse watering stations operated by the Women's League for Animals, an unintentional injustice is done a sterling friend of animals by the statement that "similar stations of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals supply the only other water available for horses in the city streets."

The Work-Horse Relief League, founded four or five years ago by Mrs. A. Gibson Allis, has three horse watering stations which supply free water from June to September. These stations are located at Fulton Street and South Elliott Place, Flatbush Avenue, just north of the Plaza, and Eastern Boulevard and Washington Avenue, Brooklyn.

GEORGE FOSTER HOWELL.
Brooklyn, May 20, 1921.

A Polished Villain

(From The Nebraska State Journal

In spite of all that has befallen him the Turk, we are reminded, has retained his good manners. The good manners of the Turk constitute one of the barriers to the adoption of good manners in such countries as ours. They make the world suspect courtesy as the veneer of a barbarian. The Armenians would doubtless be exactly as happy to be murdered by undisguised savages as by the affable Turk.

Marine Engineer Striker

Thinks He Is Asked to Sacrifice Too Much for All-of-Us

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial "Protecting American Ships" presents the situation as it appears to the average American, but I would like to give a few details of the case as it affects a striker.

It is agreed that it is the patriotic duty of all Americans to maintain the merchant marine, but the question is, Just how much sacrifice should patriotism exact of each citizen in the performance of this public duty? In the first place, Americans are asked to ship and sail on American ships—which isn't a very great hardship. In the second place, Americans are asked to operate these ships at wages which will scarcely afford a living. The editorial states that in defeating the strike "All-of-us, represented by the government, seem to be winning." Now I wish to point out just how much All-of-us are winning, and just how much I, as another American, am losing.

It has been estimated that wages represent 15 per cent of the cost of operating a steamship. Now, the operating cost of a vessel is only about 50 per cent of the total cost of moving freight, since the cost of loading, unloading, offices, agents and overhead charges make up the remaining 50 per cent. Hence, a reduction in wages of as much as 50 per cent could reduce freight rates by no more than 2 or 4 per cent. This gain distributed among All-of-us would be a very insignificant sum.

On the other hand, I have been asked to accept an apparent reduction in wages of 15 per cent—but is the reduction really 15 per cent? Under the old scale of pay I, as an engineer, made $170 a month for working eight hours a day. Under the proposed scale I am to work ten hours a day, seven days a week, for $125 a month. On an hourly basis this is a reduction of 43 per cent—a very different figure from the advertised 15 per cent.

Now, I am a graduate of Cornell in engineering and have studied marine engineering for several years. I am willing to make some sacrifice to perpetuate the merchant marine, but isn't it asking a little too much of me to require that I work ten hours a day in a hot engine room, assume responsibility for the safety of the passengers and then put in a lot of overtime—all for $125 a month?

Am I to accept a 43 per cent reduction in wages in order that All-of-us may win by an amount which will mean nothing to the average American? If a street sweeper is paid $90 a month for a forty-eight hour week how much should a marine engineer be paid for a seventy-hour week? I am offered $125 a month. Should I accept?

ENGINEER.
New York, May 21, 1921.

The Necessary Well-to-Do

Old Business Man's Opinion that the "Idler" Is No Menace

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Many years ago, perhaps thirty, your paper came out with a statement which undertook to show how closely the average business man was forced to operate. It demonstrated two things—the keen intelligence and experience necessary to steer the frail bark called business, also how heavily the percentage was against the player.

In the statement I refer to the deduction was made that it took 90 per cent of the average man's business to float his expenses, the remaining 10 per cent being the margin of safety out of which to cover his own drafts. I applied that to my own business and found it to be exactly so. Shortly after I had it brought home, to my sorrow, how a man's capital would shrink by the simple process of a shrinking business—a plain mathematical proposition.

My real reason for writing is to refute, if possible, an argument much used, that the idler is a menace. Only recently I read such a letter in your paper. I mean by the idler the man living on his income. To go back to a period forty years ago in my line, it was conceded that Boston afforded the best, soundest market for our goods. The makers enjoyed a certain freedom from cut-throat methods which had to be employed elsewhere. It was natural to inquire why.

About that time the fact was made known that Boston was unusually blessed with an abundance of well-to-do families, with capital ranging around the $200,000 mark and the proverbial $10,000 a year income. In truth, wealth there was better distributed than in any other large city in the Union. Ask any first class dealer of the old type in any line of goods who are his most valuable customers, who make for the very foundation of his business and give it steadiness, the pre-requisite.

Destroy the wealthy class or render them impotent, and you have a Russia; you have anarchy. There is room at the top, none at the bottom. The more numerous the well-to-do class the better the conditions are bound to be for those who toil. It is folly to think of making general conditions better by increasing the ranks of the poor. A reduction by deportation of at least a million of unnecessary workers in our midst would be the greatest boon that could strike New York City to-day, or an increase of 100,000 in the well-to-do classes. B. FITCH.
New York, May 18, 1921.

Of World Concern

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Will you permit me to thank you most heartily for the two editorials in to-day's Tribune: "Of World Concern" and "The Silesian Aftermath"? They express with cogency what I have been saying emphatically to every one I meet, that the Silesian question is not one of boundaries but one of vital interest to the whole world, which our country ought to use all its influence to bring to a right settlement; also that Lloyd George, by his constant antagonism to Poland, is directly responsible for the present serious crisis and the threatened rupture of the Entente.

F. A. HENRY.
Morristown, N. J., May 20, 1921.